



The Prayer of the Betrothed.

A lady in the St. Louis Union, over the signature of Inez, portrays her thoughts in the following most beautiful verses, on the eve of her marriage:

Father, I come before thy throne,
With low and bending knees,
To thank Thee, with a grateful tone,
For all thy love to me.
Forgive me, if my heart this hour
I give not all to Thee,
For deep affection's mighty power
Divides it now with thee.

Thou knowest, Father, every thought
That wakes within my breast,
And how this heart has vainly sought
To keep its love suppressed.
Yet when the idol, worshipped one,
Sits fondly by my side,
And breathes the vows I cannot shun,
To me, his destined bride—

Forgive me, if the loving kiss,
He leaves upon my loving brow,
Is thought of in an hour like this,
And thrills me even now.
He's chosen me to be his love,
And comfort through life;
Enable me, oh God, to prove
A loving, faithful wife.

He knows not, Father, all the deep
Affection's control—
The thousand loving thoughts that sweep
Resistance o'er my soul.
He knows not each deep fount of love
That gushes warm and free;
Nor can he ever, ever prove
My warm idolatry.

Then guard him, Father—round his way
The choicest blessings cast,
And render each successive day
Still happier than the last.
And, Father, grant us so to love,
That when this life is o'er,
Within the happy home you give
We'll meet to part no more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Olive Branch. THE BOOK PEDLER; OR CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

It was nearly dark. The roads were dusty, the temperature high. The pedler changed his burden wearily from one shoulder to the other; it had been growing heavier for the last hour, and now it seemed to the poor pedestrian thrice its former and natural weight.

"This very hard work," he exclaimed, in a tone of discouragement, sitting down upon his package of books. "I am almost tired to death. I don't think I can go much farther to-night."

The book-pedler was a mere lad—perhaps fourteen years of age. He was small in stature, though well-formed, and of a pleasing countenance. His garments were worn threadbare in many places. His trousers were patched at the knees, and his jacket was "out at the elbow." His boots, it was obvious, were not made for him, but for his father's purchase, or an elder brother, or possibly a benevolent neighbor. They were trodden over to the right and left, until the uppers appeared on the point of usurping the place of the soles. This condition of things increased the difficulties of walking to a painful extent, and made our pedler foot-sore the first day of his wanderings.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages of dress, he looked decent, and there was apparent a scrupulous regard to cleanliness in each of the worn and mended garments.—The Byron collar, turned back from his neck over a dark though faded ribbon, was as white as linen could be, and the white, round throat, left bare by this arrangement, had already begun to grow brown and swart, in the sun.

The vizor of his glazed cap partially concealed a handsome forehead, but left enough in view to interest the phenologist. When he takes said cap off altogether, the indulgent reader will see a very fine head of hair, curling in the most luxuriant manner from the crown to the neck, brows and cheeks.

With these preliminaries, we introduce our hero as Marcus Bell.

"I don't mind labor," he continued. "I am willing to work, but I want kind words and good usage. I have been taught that all trades are honest, if honestly pursued, and such is the theory generally prevalent, but many people don't like pedlars. No longer ago than this morning, a person who always talks about the golden rule, in meeting (every Sabbath) shut the door in my face the moment he perceived I was a pedler, although I only wished to ask for a drink of water.—People like to read; reading is both instructive and amusing, but, strange inconsistency, they affect to despise the agency that ministers to their pleasure and instruction."

Poor Marcus paused, wiped a tear from the corner of his eye, and sighed. A reminiscence of happier days intruded itself, and then he thought of his widowed mother, two brothers and a sister younger than himself, who must have bread to eat and clothes to wear. While he was occupied with this perplexing subject, a well-dressed, solemn-looking personage, on the sunny side of forty, was approaching.—The quick ear of Marcus caught the sound of his footsteps, and he watched him as he advanced, with considerable interest. The stranger looked so respectable, and so thoughtful withal, that he resolved to offer his books,

convinced that such a man must be an extensive reader.

The young pedler arose to his feet, and with some trepidation waited until the stranger was near him.

"Please, sir," said Marcus, "would you like to purchase any books?"

The respectable-looking man came to a full stop, and looked more solemn than Marcus thought it possible for any person to look.

"What books?" he asked in a stern, searching voice.

"I have a great variety, sir—useful, entertaining and instructive—works by the most celebrated authors, embracing every variety of subject. I will show them to you—it will be no trouble at all."

The youthful pedler untied the package of books, while the stranger regarded his operations with an air of lofty and severe patronage.

"Here's a work by Bancroft, sir. Will you be good enough to look at it?"

"Bancroft was a Millerite—I anathematize all his works," exclaimed the stranger, with much fervor, and a strong nasal accent.

Marcus dropped the book, and looked hard at his customer.

"Here is a work by Bulwer. It is called *Zanoni*; perhaps it will suit you."

"Let Bulwer be anathema marantha. He smothered his wife in a feather bed, and Zanoni himself was a pirate of the first water."

"Well, here is Irving's *Astoria*."

"A rank abolitionist—a man of weak intellect and bad principles. He ought to have been imprisoned the first time he had any thing to do with the underground railroad. Young man, you ought to be ashamed to carry such immoral books. Such conduct should be discouraged by every believer in this part of the moral vineyard."

"O those are not half, sir. I have James's last works."

"Don't speak to me—the Rev. Jonas Jenkins of the New Jericho Church—of such a man as James! It is notorious that he does not believe in the total depravity of the whole human race—and in short he isn't much better than a universalist. As a divine, he is but little known, and I advise you as you value your immortal soul, to throw his works into the nearest horsepond. You don't come none of your games on me, youngster; you see I am posted up."

"Perhaps I can suit you yet, sir," continued Marcus, not a little puzzled with his strange customer. "I have got Bunyan's works complete."

"Well you are a reprobate, sure enough," retorted the Rev. Jonas Jenkins, severely, elevating his eyebrows piously. "Perhaps, sir, you imagine I never heard of the author of the *'Age of Reason'*? No! not my poor fellow I don't read Bunyan; but if you have got a copy of the *'Pilgrim's Progress'*, I'll be kind enough to look at it."

Marcus smiled, and produced the work in question.

"Perhaps you can sell that to somebody my little man, but you perceive I have cut my eye teeth," said the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, after turning over the leaves of a splendidly illustrated edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"What ails it, sir?" asked Marcus, trembling with anxiety.

"It's a spurious copy—full of misprints. I was set up and printed some rainy afternoon by the printer's devil. In one place lamb is actually spelled with a b, when it should be simply l a m—l a m, according to the simplest rules of Webster's new dictionary. I never patronize any work that displays such ignorance of the first laws of nature. I believe this an age of progression. Man's destiny is up."

"Here's a London edition. There's never any mistakes in the London books," continued our hero, resolved to persevere to the last.

"It looks better. What price do you pretend to ask?"

"One dollar; very cheap for such a binding."

"What an impostor!" said Jenkins, with a look of horror.

"It can't be bought any less at Ticknor's," replied Marcus, in a disappointed tone, as the hope of making a trade died away in his bosom.

"Your mother will have something to answer for, for bringing you up in such an awful way!" ejaculated the excellent pastor of the New Jericho Church.

The cheeks of Marcus grew red at this allusion to his mother, but the redness lingered but a moment, and he was calm again.

"I have testaments," he added, in a low voice.

"How dare you carry testaments, sir! and in the same package with that dreadful Bunyan's works! Let me look at them. Yes! yes! I see how it is—a little too sharp for you, sir. These are universalist testaments. The perilsome name for them among the ungodly is *Polly-gods*. Eh, youngster?"

"I didn't know, sir, really. I thought all bibles were alike."

"I am sorry to say that you are as ignorant as a young heathen," replied the Rev. Mr. Jenkins.

Entirely discouraged, Marcus began to pack up his books, while the Rev. Mr. Jenkins regarded him with pious pity.

"I exhort you to eschew and shun this ungodly traffic," he went on to say, with a deeper nasal twang than usual. "These pernicious books are cunning devices of the devil to poison the morals of the community. So ingeniously are they devised, that the very elect may be deceived."

"I have not been thus taught," replied Marcus, with some asperity.

"More's the pity, for it's obvious your education has been grossly neglected."

"By what I consider an honest calling. I help to support a mother, two brothers and a sister. I feel justified in the sight of God, for so doing. It is my glory to toil for her who is so dear to me in my helpless and unprotected infancy. As for the books I carry, I trust they will hurt no one."

"What depravity in one so young," sighed the Rev. Mr. Jenkins. "But blinded and hardened as you are, my bowels of compassion are still open to you. Take these; let them be like precious ointment shed upon your young and misguided head."

The New Jericho pastor drew forth, with proper solemnity, two New Jericho tracts; the one entitled "The Bread of Heaven," the other "The Well, which if a man drink from, he shall never be thirsty."

"Verily, there is food and drink for lost souls like you and yours. Tell your unhappy mother, and starving brothers and sister, that a good, benevolent man of the New Jericho order of saints gave them to you."

Marcus stood holding the tracts, in the strangest possible astonishment, until his strange benefactor had gone several yards, and his look of amazement had not relaxed in the least when the Rev. gentleman turned slowly on his heel, and asked if he had "The life of Merrill, the great Western Land Pirate?"

"No!" said Marcus, with a curl of the nether lip. "I don't carry blood and thunder works. Mother thinks (and so do I) that the minds of the young should not become familiar with the crimes of bad men; hence I do not offer the lives of the great murderers and pirates for sale."

The Rev. Mr. Jenkins groined in spirit, and went on his way.

Marcus shouldered his pack and trudged on. With a sigh he put the tracts in his pocket, wondering whether true benevolence would make such an offering to a poor, ragged lad.

It was now the hour of twilight, and Marcus saw with pleasure a large, white dwelling in the distance which seemed to invite him to approach and rest his weary limbs. After a walk of some fifteen minutes, he stood at the door, upon which he read "John Bell," engraved on a silver plate.

He sat down on the steps, and his resolution began to falter. He surveyed his threadbare and worn garments and then looked at the costly curtains that shaded the nearest windows, and other signs of affluence that met his gaze where he turned his eyes.

"I know he'll be ashamed of me, though I'm his nephew," said Marcus, with a sigh. "I will ask hospitality for the night, but I will not reveal myself. I am poor, but I still have an honest pride left. I do not wish to be insulted by pity, or saddened by contempt."

With those words Marcus arose, stretched out his hand and pulled the bell; but it was not a strong, nervous pull, like the postman's (or a rich man's) but a faint and tremulous one, such as little beggar girls sometimes perpetrate when they venture to front doors.

There was no answer, for somehow poor relations are never heard quick at wealthy people's doors; neither are poor folks generally, and they do not appear to expect it; but are content to wait on the steps half an hour for an audience.

Marcus allowed a suitable time to elapse, and rang again with better success.

A fair-haired girl, about ten years of age, opened the door and looked timidly out. Upon beholding a meekly-dressed lad, she drew back, but as she caught a full view of his frank, handsome face, who was reassured, and waited with little or no embarrassment, to learn the nature of this unexpected visit.

"I have walked far, and am very tired," said Marcus, "and wish entertainment for the night—I care not how humble—merely a place to lay my head."

"Walk in, and I will ask mother," replied the little maiden, and leaving the pedler in the entry, she tripped away to fulfill her promise.

Marcus heard voices in the sitting room in earnest conversation. It was soon evident to our hero that a "Sewing Circle" was in active operation, the object of which was the conversion of all the heathen nations of which they had heard, or that had an existence upon the best map extant. The garments made by these good people, were to be sold, and the sums thus procured, were to be placed in the trustworthy hands of Elder Fletcher, to be forwarded to the missionaries.

Marcus heard the little girl attempt to speak to her mother, as she had promised, and heard the latter reply, somewhat tartly, "Go away, child, don't interrupt me; we are trying to do something for the poor, benighted heathen."

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Fletcher. (the Elder's spouse) that professing Christians are so lukewarm on the subject of missions."

"It makes me creep all over, to think of it," replied Mrs. Skinner, with a shudder. "Why there are hundreds of poor creatures lost every day under the car of Juggernaut, only just for the want of a little charity on the part of Christians."

"Their blood will be required at our hands," observed Mrs. Bell, with a sigh.

"Not if we go on as we have begun," said Mrs. Fletcher, confidently, casting at the same time a wishful glance toward the kitchen where extensive cooking operations were going forward, under the direction of a skillful artist. "We have now on hand about a dozen men's shirts, and ten boys' jackets."

"And eight boys' trousers," added Mrs. Bell, "all of which have been made within a year. Why, I haven't given away any old clothes since I joined Elder Fletcher's church, though the raggedest, dirtiest and most pitiful objects that you ever laid eyes on have come a begging old clothes a thousand times. A pair of Mr. Bell's pants will make a whole boys' suit and most of them can be sold for brand new, and not one in ten would begin to know the difference!"

"I never pretend to give anything to the nasty beggars. I have better things in view," resumed Mrs. Fletcher. "No longer ago than yesterday, a dreadful looking woman called on our house; she hadn't a shoe for her foot, nor a decent gown to her back, and I declare to gracious! she fairly shocked my notions of propriety. She told a pitiful story about a sick husband, and starving children; but I had heard just such stories before. So I told her to go to the almshouse, for all I had to give I sent to convert the poor, darkened heathen, and snatch them from the jaws of Juggernaut."

"What a dirty beast that Juggernaut must be. I do believe he's worse than the *Jibber-namaz*. I should think the hull country would turn out and distress him," remarked a female in widow's weeds.

"He's very like the Guyas-Cutis in his habits," observed an acid-looking maiden lady of forty. "He's of a roving disposition, frequents the banks of large rivers, and in his fury tramples his prey in the dust."

"There ought not to be any poor people in this enlightened country," said Mrs. Bell, "that is, there ought not to be any beggars."

"No more there hadn't," responded Mrs. Fletcher.

"But folks will get reduced sometimes by being misfortunate," remarked the female in widow's weeds.

"They have no business to be unfortunate," retorted Mrs. Bell. "Folks ought to have their eyes open, and calculate. But some people never keep their eyes open; there's my husband's brother's wife, for instance; she never calculated, and now since his death, see what she's come to. They say she's actually poor and for one I think she ought to be ashamed of it. Perhaps she thinks I shall look after her, and maintain her in idleness; but she was never more mistaken in her life. I have expected every day to see the widow Bell here to ask for help, and it's a great mercy that I've escaped so long."

"She's got great grown-up boys, hasn't she?" asked Mrs. Fletcher.

"Of course! Poor relations take great delight in having a great family of vicious boys and girls; I do believe there is nothing that suits them better, and they ought not to be countenanced in it. Shouldn't I feel much made of, to have Mrs. Luke Bell, and all Luke Bell's children training into my best parlor?"

Concluded next week.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.

The Millidgeville Presbyterian has the following: "A very solemn and affecting Providence, we learn, occurred at Oglethorpe University, on Wednesday last. Two of the students, Mr. L. P. McCutchen and Mr. P. B. Luce, were on their way to their boarding-house to breakfast when a sudden thunder shower overtook them. The lightning struck the umbrella under which they were walking, and shattered it to atoms, and the fluid entering at the top of the cap of Mr. Luce and passing down on his left side and on the right side of the other, killed them both on the spot."

"They were room-mates and members of the Freshman Class; both of them lovely, pious and promising young men, and candidates for the Christian Ministry. On returning from their morning recitation they had retired to their room, as was their daily custom, and united in prayer. It was but a few minutes after they had risen from their knees and left their dormitory, that the awful calamity occurred. When they were found by their fellow-students, they were lying side by side on their faces with their arms still locked together.—They were lovely in their lives and in their death they were not divided."

QUITE A SPECULATION.

A gentleman connected with the Bank of England relates that he sent seven pipes of brandy to California, in charge of a person who was proceeding thither. He has received in return an account of sales, showing that he is entitled, as the net proceeds, to one dollar and fifty cents. The brandy sold, according to this account, for 530 dollars.—The charges amounted to 525 dollars 50 cents, including 329 dollars 50 cents for duty, at the alleged rate of 100 per cent.

The Rev. Theodore Parker gave so much offence to some of his congregation by his sermon against the late President Taylor, on Sunday last, that they rose and quit the church.—*Boston Transcript*.

AGRICULTURAL.



From the Southern Cultivator. What should be done with a Wheat Field after the Grain is Harvested?

The above is a question of much importance to all wheat growers. At the North, the fields are generally seeded with clover, and where the stand is good, an excellent pasture furnished for all stock till winter. At the South, comparatively few sow either clover or grass seed of any kind, to cover the earth and render it profitable, immediately after wheat harvest. The ground, however, is often pretty well supplied with the seeds of indigenous grasses, which germinate and grow off quite luxuriantly. To promote this result it is the practice of good farmers to plow the land; and the use of a sharp harrow, or two-horse cultivator, will answer on most soils as well. Judging from the few cases that have fallen under our observation, we should harrow or plow our wheat fields as soon as the grain was cut, if the earth were not quite green with a valuable grass or clover.

A Southern clover is greatly needed, and the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office has sent an order to Valparaiso to procure a quantity of Chilean clover seed for gratuitous distribution. Should any reader of the Cultivator know of any plant peculiarly adapted to Southern climate and soils, which may be profitably grown with wheat, he will confer a favor by writing a short communication on the subject for this journal.

What is the value of the yellow clover, for the purpose indicated? It will never do to leave a stubble field naked for several months after harvest, to be burnt up by a consuming southern sun; and the question is: What plant will yield the most shade to the land, and forage to domestic animals? Is the heat of summer and autumn, and the usual amount of dry weather, such as to forbid the luxuriant growth of the cow pea, of turnips, barley, or rye?

We cherish the hope that the Chilean clover may prove of great value to the South, and shall spare no pains to have the matter tested in the most thorough manner. Our faith is strong that a profitable crop of some kind may be made on land from which wheat has just been harvested; but what that crop should be is the information which we seek. The climate best adapted to cotton culture possesses peculiar and great advantages. It can be made to grow cereals, legumes and grasses; but who will name the best system of rotation? Where is the clover of the South which will yield two tons of good hay per acre a year in addition to a fair crop of wheat?

There is a prodigious waste of travel and loss of sunshine on many plantations, which ought to be avoided. Why make a hand and mule take 100 steps to accomplish a purpose that may be attained by 50? There is as much solar light and heat lost for all economical purposes, after wheat harvest in the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States, as would suffice to produce a crop of corn, which, from the lack of sunshine and solar heat, cannot be grown at all in England and Scotland. The capacity of the South to grow cotton better than any other known portion of the globe, implies a capability of doing many other things in an agricultural way, of equal, and we believe, of greater importance to its citizens and the human family at large. The natural power exists; and its development must not be much longer delayed.

One of the best cultivated countries in England is Oxfordshire. A writer, whose remarks we find in the London Farmer's Magazine, says: "As soon as one crop is removed, another takes its place, and even before the peas are reaped, that which is to succeed has been sown. The rye, vetches and late turnips are grown during the winter months, and derive much of their nourishment from the damp atmosphere, and being all consumed on the ground, return to it more than they derive from it, especially if the sheep are at the time fed on corn. The droppings of the sheep and their treading of the land, give it that richness and solidity which, on these warm soils, are eminently favorable to successful grain crops. The crops, both white and green are sown in rows." &c.

We have long been convinced of the wisdom of the system which places the seed of a new crop in the ground at, or before, the harvesting of the one already matured. The culture of peas among corn is on this principle; as is also the sowing of clover and grass seed on wheat some months before it is ripe. The nakedness of the crops have been removed, is a noticeable defect in southern husbandry.—Too often in place of gaining fertility, there is good reason to fear that the denuded soil is parting with a share of both the organic and inorganic food of plants.

From the Columbus Enquirer.
Turnips.

Mr. Peabody: In the absence of any other response to your request, "as to result of experiments in the culture of Rutabaga Turnips," you may use this as you may think proper.

I sowed broadcast, about the 10th of August, of seed purchased of you, part of a well-manured cow-pen, filling out the balance of the lot with White Dutch, and our common variety. We hoed and thinned out once only. By the first of September we commenced using the White Dutch, and continued to do so until they were gone, as we had previously seen them rot after they had matured. By the middle of October we commenced using the Rutabaga—two or three of which

made a large dish for a good six-d family, and by the last of November they would have measured from eighteen to twenty-four inches in circumference. They had grown so far out of the ground by this time, that we were induced to hill them up, and such as were not used remained in the ground until the last of May, when they were freely eaten by the hogs. They furnished during the fall, winter, and spring, an abundance of superior salad, while they are in all respects the most desirable Turnip for table or stock that I have ever raised.

B. A. SORSBY.

CAROLINA INN,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE above establishment, situated on Main Street, third lot North of the Public Square, in the town of Charlotte, has been constantly kept open by the present Proprietor, from the 1st of January, 1840 to the present time, for the accommodation of the Public, and will continue to be kept open for the same purpose.

The Establishment has been enlarged and improved to a very considerable extent within the last two years—the entire building is in complete repair and is so constructed that all the rooms have abundant light and can be ventilated at pleasure.

The Stables are not inferior to any belonging to any similar Establishment in Western North Carolina; and care will be taken that they shall always be supplied with abundance of good grain and provender and attended by faithful and experienced hostlers.

The Subscriber will use every exertion to give satisfaction to all who may patronize his House, and hesitates not to say that, from ten years' experience he will be able to keep up the accommodation at the Carolina Inn, in a style not surpassed by any Public House in the interior country; and he takes this opportunity to return his cordial respects to a generous Public for past favors and respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage and confidence.

DRIVERS can, at all times, be supplied with convenient and well enclosed lots, free of charge, and furnished with grain at low prices.

THE Charlotte and Camden Stages arrive and depart tri-weekly.

JENNINGS B. KERR.
Oct. 18, 1845.

Jewelry! Jewelry!!

THE Subscriber has returned from the North, and is now receiving and opening a RICH AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY.

He has selected his stock with great care, and has purchased a MORE EXTENSIVE ONE, than he has ever before been opened in this place. Among his variety will be found:

Gentlemen and Ladies Gold and Silver Watches and Chains, Gold Chains and Keys, Medallions, Fine Breast Pins, Spectacles, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Walking Canes, Bracelets, Penknives, Hair Pins, Tea Trays, Ladies' Scissors, Tea Spoons, Coral Necklaces, Butter Knives, Turbans, and Perfumery.

AND A VARIETY OF FANCY GOODS, PLATE, WARE, SOLID WARE, SILVER PLATE, CASTORS AND CANDLESTICKS, &c. &c.

All of which he will dispose of on accommodative terms.

Gold purchased.
THOMAS TROTTER
Charlotte, Oct. 5, 1845.

DR. KUHLE'S Abyssinia Mixture,

For Catarrhs, Inflammations, Constipation, Piles, Gout, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Fluor Albous, or the Whites, Weakness, Obstructions, &c.

Gold Hill, N. C., Aug. 1, 1845.

Dr. J. Kuhle—Dear Sir: You will please forward to me as soon as convenient, a fresh supply of the Restorer of the Blood and the Abyssinia Mixture, we have used so long and so successfully. The Restorer and the Depurative Powder, have proved to be very efficacious in the treatment of the chest, Rheumatism, Sore Legs, inflammations of the Eye, Debility, and other chronic diseases. We warrant the Abyssinia Mixture to every patient, and no one has asked for the money returned, but on the contrary, all one has praised its great salutary powers.

We remain yours, respectfully,
A. D. W. HONEYCUTT.

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 22, 1845.

Dr. J. Kuhle—Dear Sir: We have entire satisfaction to all those who have used it. We have warranted the Abyssinia Mixture in all cases on our own account; and can say, it has never failed. We have daily for more of the Abyssinia Mixture, and you please send us as soon as possible such a supply which will answer the great demand.

Very respectfully yours,
PHILIP F. YORKE.

Letter from Major Dugald McDugald, Co. Creek Post Office.

MOORE COUNTY, N. C., Dec. 25, 1844.

Dr. J. Kuhle—Dear Sir: A lady in this county, afflicted with a severe complaint, Protrusion Uteri, Fluor Albous, and somewhat deranged mind, caused by obstruction, was about twelve months attended by several eminent physicians, without any effect, every one successively declared her incurable, that she had died. She then procured testicles of your Abyssinia Mixture from me, she cured her entirely. She has since married, and is in perfect good health and happy. The Abyssinia Mixture has likewise proved very efficacious in many other diseases, but particularly in those diseases, in which it should have the preference of all others. Yours obediently,
DUGALD McDUGALD.

Prices for the Abyssinia Mixture per bottle, cents, \$1.25 & \$2.50.

Likewise on hand and for sale, Dr. Kuhle's Restorer, Universal Plaster, Gold Mine Balm, &c. &c.
T. J. HOLTUN, Agent,
Charlotte, N. C.

Delivery Bonds for sale here.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; THE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if paid by delayed three months; and THREE DOLLARS if not paid until the close of the year. Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square, (16 lines or less, the sized type) for first insertion, and 95 cents for each subsequent insertion. Court advertisements and Sheriff's sales, charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 25 per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly \$1.00 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.